



PAN-ARUBAN

VOL. 1 ARUBA, D. W. I. AUGUST 10, 1929 No. 8

CELEBRATION - QUEEN'S BIRTHDAY

ENTRIES INSURE FAST MEET. CUPS AND MEDALS FOR ALL EVENTS PURCHASED. ARRANGEMENTS GOING AHEAD. DONATION COMMITTEE GOES INTO ACTION TODAY. ATHLETES TRAINING.

Entries are already coming in for the various events of the big swimming and field meet to be run off August 31st. From the entry sheet, a fast meet can be prophesied. There is no entry fee - every resident of the Camp is eligible to partake. Stretch out the kinks in your arms and legs - there is an event for you.

Bungalow #23 is entry headquarters. Fuller, Brewer, Dollar and Clague are the Bookies: If you could outrun the neighbor's cat when a boy, then give your name to one of the men named above; a cup or a medal makes a dandy souvenir of Aruba and the exercise won't tie you up for more than a week.

The order for cups and medals has been placed in New York. Other arrangements to make this holiday the most satisfactory of our Aruban sojourn have been worked out. Before the day arrives the field, beach and dance floor will be in readiness for the largest crowd ever gathered at this end of the island.

The new sports club, which can take to either land or sea, has been exercising mounts and mounted, on the field north of the tank farm, in preparation for the Donkey Polo Match. Emphasis has been placed on team work and by the end of next week most of the players will be able to keep their seats for each of the five minute chukkers.

MAKE YOUR ENTRIES NOW AT BUNGALOW #23.
FOR THE BIG DAY.

INCOME TAX.

(General Notice posted August 8th)

"Employees of the Pan American Petroleum Corporation are advised that, according to the Dutch Law, no person will be allowed to leave the Island without first having obtained a Government permit. Such permit will not be issued by the Local Government until the employee has paid his Income Tax.

For the convenience of the employees the services of the Pan American Petroleum Corp., Accounting Department, are available for the purpose of verifying the correct tax to be paid and for the payment of said taxes to the Local Government.

The statements showing the amount of tax to be paid by each employee have not yet been issued but notices will be posted immediately upon receipt of same. Since this is a mandatory action, on the part of the Government, it is imperative that the payment of taxes be given immediate attention upon receipt of the tax statements."

The following information has been obtained from authoritative sources for the benefit of readers of the PAN-ARUBAN.

Taxes may be paid monthly, quarterly semi-annually or annually if paid in advance. The Local Government advises, and it is preferable, that taxes should be paid in monthly instalments as such payments fall due. The Governmental fiscal year is May 1st to April 30th.

You will be informed by the Government of the date upon which your tax is due. If payment is not then made within eight days of this date, you are liable to a jail sentence.

(Continued Page 7)

THE PAN-ARUBAN

The PAN-ARUBAN is by and for the Employees of the Pan American Petroleum Corporation, and affiliated Companies. It proposes to present the issues, not debate them; to publish news, not create it; and to make Aruba more enjoyable.

INFORMATION TO SUBSCRIBERS

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Frank Perkins	Sports Editor
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EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE BLUE REPORTS

Several years ago a jobbing house started in business in a small mid-western town. The president received each morning a stack of blue reports--the reports of his salesmen as to the customers attitude toward the product, the kicks and complaints. There was nothing flattering in these--they represented the snags upon which the business was faltering.

The years have passed and by conscientious application to rectifying the situations represented by the blue

reports, the business has grown to mensurable proportions.

Right now our mind is ill at ease. A number of situations have arisen which are to us our "blue" reports. They are the snags on which our future is faltering. Some are outside our control, others have their solution in our own hands. Each man has his own stack of reports to handle--each report requires special consideration.

If the job does not go right--if obstacles come up to harass you, remember that they are what make your job. If any one could handle your work, anyone would be doing it at less pay than you get. Thank your lucky stars for your responsibilities--they make your job.

If the "blue" report says "cloudy", no sunshine, remember then that that is part of life. If all days were sunshine we would soon lose our appreciation of the happiness which is ours. Monotonous regularity in anything closes our eyes to the beauty spots around us.

If situations come up and bang you in the nose, don't accept snap judgments as final. Work for a solution that fits in with your general plan. Make your own decisions yourself--do that which will most nearly fit your needs. Decide wisely, then do it.

It takes a MAN to look squarely at his "blue" reports--it makes a Better Man if he does.

TONGUES WAG, REPUTATIONS FALL.

(Editor's note: Our Society Editor preaches a nice little sermon this week--a well meant editorial.)

Virginia Powell
As the world has grown and progress

humanity has tamed its barbarous cravings. The cannibalism, the bloody tortures of a by-gone age are no more, and we pride ourselves on our intellectual world of refined, cultured tastes, and impulses. However, the ways have changed, there are still savage instincts deeply rooted in this animal called "Man." They find expression in outrages of milder form, yet all are directed toward the same original goal--destruction of a fellow being. Instead of claws and teeth, the weapons

Another glorious day; a typical Aruban sunshiny day. The clock on the tower at the Club House struck ten. A yacht lazily tugged at its moorings by the end of the pier. Above the soft lapping of the water suddenly was heard the purring of a motor. Rapidly it grew louder. A lackey in uniform came to the edge of the club porch, and threw an empty bottle into the water. He glanced sky-ward, then hurried into the house.

A shadow on the bay as the giant plane circled down into the field at Lone Palm Stadium. Almost as if by magic the attendants there made the great ship fast. Then passengers crowded down the aerial gangway. Two young men were among the first to disembark. They hastily entered a waiting car.

Cesey Marvin, 3d, slender and prematurely bald, frowned at his wrist watch. "Ten minutes late. Awful service; took us nearly half an hour to get in from New York."

He would have said more, but the speeding car suddenly stopped, in front of the club house. The two men hastened through the wide doors into that dream-like building. As they did so, an old man, riding in an electric wheel chair, crutches across his knees, sped around the corner of the spacious porch. He stopped the chair at a convenient spot overlooking both the bay and the door to the club.

"Oh, they must be ready this morning; surely they won't put me off again," he moaned, anxiously watching the door. He sat thus for some minutes, slowly sinking into a quiet stupor, from which he was aroused by the arrival of another car. The car itself had been noiseless but the gown worn by the young lady who stepped out was the loudest thing in Aruba. She ran up the steps, two at a time, and right to the old man.

"Hello, Grandpop; howinell are you?" She paused to light a cigarette. "Say," she continued, when this operation was successfully manipulated, "can you tell me where a perfect lady could find a guide, a live wire to show me the high spots of this island?"

She exhaled through her nostrils, watching the smoke as it was carried off in the breeze. The old man eyed her with no mean eye. He might be old but he still recognized pop and personality when he saw them. "Well, now" he said, sitting up thoughtfully. He was unaccustomed to such close proximity with so much feminine beauty, and it embarrassed him. He swallowed as if in pain - but it was the sort of pain that hurt pretty.

"So you know the place well yourself," the young lady supplied for him when he did not speak. "Well, come along, but remember - I was born on the Virgin Island of Manhattan. No foolin'."

In his excitement the old boy forgot his crutches. He jumped up and hobbled along by this sweet young thing who had just come into his life. "Let me see," he panted, "I s'pose you'll want to see what used to be the Refinery."

"Sure, anything historic. I love antiques," she said, taking the old boy by the arm.

Her guide was full of his mission. "They used to make gasoline here, back in the good old days before folks in the States learned to drink it. Then, of course, it became illegal."

They walked on in silence for a bit. "Then was great days," the old man exclaimed with bowed head. They reached the big gates, where a guard stopped them. "To want to look around," the aged one said.

"Do you have the Queen's permission?" questioned the guard.

"Sure, I'll let him go in," smiled the young lady pertly.

"I refer to Her Royal Highness." And in the end the guard became puffed and would not let them enter, so they had to be content with peering through the fence. The old man pointed toward the rusty old stacks. "They was the pride of the Company once," he blubbered, and a big tear splashed down his cheek, losing itself in his beard. And a moment later at the sight of further familiar objects, he lost control altogether, and started sobbing audibly.

"Ah, dry up," his fair companion admonished. "Of course it's sad, but you have your health, haven't you? Prohibition can't take that away from you."

With a lavender handkerchief the old boy dried his eyes, and after borrowing a quarter from the young lady, he limped into a corner drug store and bought his fair companion some chewing gum. Thus refreshed, they walked on through the town, the old man proving himself a very efficient guide.

"This place used to be overrun with cactus," he told the young lady, "until some one found it was valuable for something. And then all the cactus died."

All went well enough until they were walking up a lovely street lined with beautiful suburban homes. Each one appeared more wonderful than its neighbor; ultra modern and surrounded with tropical trees of every sort.

"These homes belong to the family men who stuck out their 18 months," the guide explained.

"Not bad," the young lady admitted as they passed up the street. The old fellow's chest swelled with civic pride as he pointed from one beautiful estate to another, until suddenly they came upon two old buildings, set up and back from the street. A strange contrast those two buildings; their weird architecture put them quite out of the pretty picture made by the other houses.

"Oh," groaned the poor fellow, "there they are; that's them." And his grief at the sight before him returned a thousand fold, forcing him to sit down and weep upon the curb.

"They are sorry looking, but genuine antiques, so don't let them upset you, kid," chirped the S. Y. T., but her guide only wailed the louder.

"Oh, I can't stand it any longer. Oh, oh, oh!"

And here the old man doubled up, did a nip-up or two, and finally died upon the sidewalk.

"Well, I'll be a--" but the young lady never said what because the young man drove up just then, who were annoyed no end to find the old man dead.

"That's rank ingratitude," spoke Casey Marvin, 3d. "Basically speaking, its too drastic. Three generations of us have worked endlessly on this thing, and now, just when it has been accomplished, this man dies before any good can come of it."

"Would you mind broaking the news to me what its all about?" the fair lady asked.

"Oh, pardon us," Marvin apologized; "I thought every one knew. Since 1929 this poor soul has been awaiting word that the Bachelor Quarters were completed and ready for occupancy. And now, just as we have them completed, he dies."

At which point the alarm went off, arousing the author to the reality that it is still 1929-- and the completion of the Bachelor Quarters only a dream.

BIG LEAGUE SCORES

AMERICAN July 26th NATIONAL

St. Louis	0	Brooklyn	1
New York	9	Cincinnati	4
Detroit	4	Boston	8
Boston	1	Pittsburg	9
Chicago	1	Philadelphia	10
Philadelphia	3	Chicago	13

Cleveland	4
Washington	2

July 28th

St. Louis	6	Brooklyn	3-5
New York	7	Cincinnati	4-7
Detroit	5	Philada.	2
Boston	3	Chicago	7
Cleveland	9	New York	10
Washington	6	St. Louis	5

July 29th

Chicago	9	(No other games scheduled)
Philadelphia	2	

are of a more subtle nature, and one of the most powerful is a wagging tongue. Petty gossip, and slander, have wrecked vast numbers of homes, have torn and ripped the reputations of innocent people, and sunk them to a depth below the respect of the worthy conventionals.

When another is enjoying success and happiness, there seems to be a vicious desire on the part of some to discredit him, take away his glory, and drag him in the mire. The meanness and shallowness of one's own character are thus exposed, and he is shown to be far lower than the mud-ridden prey.

Gossip thrives best in small localities where interests are few, minds narrowed, and idle tongues thirst for talk. Pettiness knows no bonds of reason. Where real interest is lacking, evil meanings are read into the slightest smile or handshake of some poor unsuspecting victim. Stories grow, change in color and in fibre, until they are so dark as to be unrecognizable--stories that are whispered, and therefore unchallengeable. As was said with deep meaning long ago, "Let him who is without sin cast the first stone."

Life on this end of the island is just beginning. Here there is an opportunity to build up an ideal settlement, and conditions will be what we make them. We can make life happy or miserable for ourselves and those around us, all in accordance with our own actions.

After all, we are very close to the rest of the world. Radio, cable, literature, music, bring the world and its doings to our fingertips. With the wonderful discoveries, inventions, and expeditions going on all the time; the vital problems of civilization; the great thoughts, and opinions of men of intellect, there is little excuse for pottiness and narrowness in this age of enlightenment.

Whisperings and gossip would do of neglect were there real thoughts to occupy the mind. Aruba may be small, if but it need not be shallow.

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 MAKE YOUR BUNGE LOW 100% IN THE
 \$1000 DRIVE FOR AUGUST 31st

GENERAL NOTICE

Posted August 5, 1929

It has become necessary for this Company to prohibit passengers on Company Tankers from attempting to take live animals, particularly birds and monkeys, into the United States.

This is due to the fact that before permission is granted to take animals ashore, it is necessary to obtain health certificates from the Health Department, often causing considerable inconvenience to the passengers as well as the Company.

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 HARK, YE BOOK-WORMS!

A circulating library is being organized, and will be functioning by September 15, 1929. It will be located on the porch of the Pan Am Moss Hall, and will be available to anyone in the camp who has joined the library.

It is planned, at present, to have all types of books, such as romantic novels, mysteries, adventure stories, western stories, biographies, oil refining books, periodicals and possibly newspapers.

An initial deposit of \$2.00 is required. This amount is refundable when over anyone drops out of the library. The books will be rented for 25¢ per week and 5¢ per day for each day overdue. Members will be permitted to take out more than one book during a week, but only one book at a time. The rentals will be converted into additional books, which will insure a continual supply of new reading matter.

If interested, see A. Palmer, in the Personnel Department, for further details.

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 THOMAS EDISON, JR. CHOSEN

August 3d: Wilbur B. Huston of Port Madison, Washington, was named winner today of the competition for choice of a protégé to follow the footsteps of Thomas A. Edison.

"AS WE GET IT"

4.

REGULAR MONTHLY DANCE, tonight, Saturday, August 10th, Mess Hall. Dance to the Pan Am Funmakers' Music.

Among the recent arrivals in Aruba was J. Desbriere Irwin, formerly Countess Le Moine des Mares; wife of Daniel Irwin of our Engineering Department.

Mrs. Irwin is a traveler and linguist of considerable note. She has visited and lived in many places in Europe, Africa and South America.

It was the Staff's pleasure to have read an article contributed to "The Sportsman Pilot" by Mrs. Irwin. The article dealt in a most capable manner with the French Air Mail service from Buenos Aires to Natal, Brazil and then to Paris, France.

We are glad to welcome Mrs. Irwin to Aruba, and hope that someday soon she will find opportunity to contribute something for the benefit of the readers of the PAN-ARUBAN.

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Mr. and Mrs. L. B. Foster entertained August 4th at a farewell party for Mr. "Shorty" Gill, who left this week on the S. S. "CERRO AZUL." Music and dancing rounded out this successful farewell.

Saturday evening Mr. Ross gave a party to entertain Mr. and Mrs. Scott, Mr. and Mrs. Bartelle, and Mr. and Mrs. Beshers. The guests report a delightful time.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Ponney gave a dinner Tuesday night. Dr. and Mrs. Mailer and Dr. and Mrs. Holland were among the guests.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Ross is expected to arrive on Monday. So that's why the big smile, eh, Ross?

The Sewing Circle gathered at the home of Mrs. Bayos on Tuesday, and stitched away the afternoon in an atmosphere of social cordiality.

Mr. Stewart and Mr. Fraser gave a farewell splurge for Mr. S. L. Easton Sunday last, which was a real party. Mr. Easton departed Wednesday for a visit to his home in England.

Dr. and Mrs. Mailer gave a dinner party Wednesday night.

Mr. George Fleming, employed in the Warehouse, and Miss Catherine Halloy, were married Wednesday. The Warehouse force attended the reception en masse.

After waiting approximately three weeks for a boat to Texas, Marvin Wood decided that they had stopped running. He left on the "OSCAR D. BENNETT" for Jacksonville.

J. L. Treglo was also on the "BENNETT;" he was very busy up to the time he left. The boys in Bungalow 28 gave him a farewell party the night before, and judging by the sounds, it sure was some party.

Mrs. K. E. Dillard gave a dinner in Treglo's honor the evening he left, which was Treglo's last Aruban meal.

G. B. Esterley and Jim Torcaso sailed from Aruba on the "MANILLA."

What a fortunate thing that this week is round, for the party which was given as a send-off for Luni Easton on the beach Tuesday night could only start him going around in circles. It was a round of pleasure for all who attended even the "hot-dogs" did back-bends over the sizzling fire.

It requires but a setting of this (ulod) sort—a roaring fire, countless bottles of what-have-you, and zowie, the party gets going. Music, stories, old and new, all funny under the circumstance and never were those trite old words "A good time was had by all" quite so true.

Mr. Easton's itinerary for his vacation includes Curacao, the Barbadoes, England, and he will also visit the United States on his way back to Aruba.

Don't forget the Entertainment and dance August 17th at the Mess Hall.

L. H. Miller and Elmer Stears sailed on the "WYLIE" Boz intends to complete his course in the University of Nebraska, and we hope he will return to Aruba some day.

W. Jenkins worked his way back to the States on the INVERGORDON. He hopes to return to Aruba within a few weeks.

The latest arrivals in Aruba are C. T. Condit, Assistant Power House operator, L. A. Clausen, Blacksmith and S. J. Popeney, steam hammer operator. The three of them had a good trip on the "DANZIGER" but were glad to plant their feet on solid ground again.

Henry Fox, machinist, came to Aruba on the "GRAMPTON ANDERSON." D. L. McCain, Painter, F. H. Ward, H. D. Hite, J. C. Walker, H. O. Vinson, all second class helpers in the Prossuro Still Department, arrived on the "I. C. WHITE." J. C. Walker is the younger brother of Paul M. Walker, Pipefitter, and we are willing to gamble that there was a happy reunion.

While Hubert Henley, Contributing Editor, cannot be accused of "talking shop" to excess, still he does talk a good deal of late. There must be a reason. It is a well-known fact that when one is the possessor of a bird cage, it is easy to acquire a bird to go in it. Dame Rumor has it that Henley will shortly be flitting across the sea to bring back a mate for his little nest here in Aruba. Presumably the "nest" will be one in Bird House now, now nearing completion.

Historians, take note. The Electric Ford has had to go to the repair shop. Nothing serious, we hope, as Aruba would not seem to same without it.

BE THERE - LONE PALM, AUGUST 31st

THE ROAMING REPORTER REPORTS

Nothing from the Timekeeping Dept. Clausen found out that even a Blacksmith cannot stand the Aruban sun. This is Thursday, and the effects of Sunday spent on the beach are still with him.

Jack Smallwood is back. Jack, who was the first machinist hired on the island, left last May for a three weeks vacation in New Orleans and "Old Haunts West." Recalling old times with old friends took longer than Jack expected, and three months seemed only a short time to him.

Maybe there is something to that saying about missing too many boats. George Hiller of Bungalow 42 says shaving cream makes good tooth-paste. In another of his moments, George went seeking an olusive belt, with the darned thing right in his hand.

One year for Tully of the Oil Accounting Department. Does he show it?

The managerie of the Crandall Engineering Co. is dying off rather rapidly. With no hope of getting into the States you would too.

Everybody in the Warehouse attended the Halley-Flaming wedding last night and the only reports from the Warehouse this morning was concerning the event. It was a perfect affair in every detail. What the Reporter was able to pick up:

"Gibby" was the only one to kiss the bride.

Pete Van Dem Berg reported for work this morning, coming direct from the party plug hat and all.

Nellie must have been the belle of the party. Cleveland, Bennett and Gibby all claim the honor of being the most popular in her eye.

And how those boys put on the dog for the occasion. What the Well Dressed Man Will Wear in Aruba had many exponents. All George Soroka needed was a whip, and perhaps a hack, and one would say that he was a hack-driver.

All in all it was a huge success.

The new office is about ready for occupancy. Plenty of breathing space and everything.

Buzz Cross is off for Maracaibo. A tooth seems to be bothering Buzz.

Goldie said the roads weren't squeaking, why oil them? Ask McCune.

SPORTS

BIG LEAGUE STANDINGS:

The Big League standings on August 5th indicates that two new teams will face each other in the annual baseball classic this fall--the Chicago Cubs and the Philadelphia Athletics. Neither Chicago nor Philadelphia has entertained a World Series in the past decade. With a 1½ game lead over the Yankees on Monday of this week, the "L's" have virtually a cinch on the pennant. If they win 27 and lose 27, the Yankees must win 41 while losing only 16. That is a big assignment, even for the mighty Yankees. And what reason have we to believe that Connie Mack's team will lose half of its games?

The Cubs are starting the last third of the season with a load of 69 games; and 40 of their remaining 57 games are with second division clubs, against which they have done exceedingly well all season. So it looks like a 1929 Series without a New York entry.

Standings of teams on August 5th are as follows:

AMERICAN LEAGUE

	W	L	Pct.
Philadelphia	74	26	.740
New York	61	36	.629
Saint Louis	53	46	.535
Cleveland	54	48	.529
Detroit	43	52	.485
Washington	38	59	.392
Chicago	40	63	.388
Boston	31	70	.307

NATIONAL LEAGUE

Chicago	66	31	.680
Pittsburg	59	37	.615
New York	56	46	.549
Saint Louis	53	49	.520
Cincinnati	43	58	.426
Brooklyn	43	58	.426
Boston	42	61	.408
Philadelphia	39	61	.390

Ruth hit his 24th homer on July 28th

in the twelfth inning to beat the St. Louis Browns 7 to 6. In the same game Gehrig drove in four runs with a double, tripped and his 25th homer of the season.

Fox of the Athletics continues to lead both leagues in batting, hovering around the .400 mark.

"Chuck" Klein, Philadelphia Nationals outfielder hit his 33d home run of the season against Pittsburg on August 1st.

DAVIS CUP MATCH

Trailing the French team en route to two as they entered the final day's play of the Davis Cup Challenge round, The United States team pulled up even at two all. Although "Big Bill" Tilden vanquished Joan Borota in five sets, George Lott was unequal to the task of defeating Henri Cochet who is recognized as the world's greatest singles player.

August 3d. Sarny Mandell, in a ten round bout, retained the Light Weight Championship by a decision over Tony Canzoneri at Chicago Stadium.

August 5th: Helen Jacobs, California, second tennis luminary by the name of Helen, won the Seabright invitation tennis tournament by defeating Miss Edith Cross in the finals 6-1, 6-2. This is the second leg on the famous cup and if Helen wins next year, California will be the permanent home of the challenge trophy.

"CLUB NEWS"

One of the most flourishing Clubs on the Island is the Aruba Branch of the Royal and Ancient Order of Black and Optics. Several new members join every week. Ross Withers and W. L. Rice are two of the newest candidates to be wearing the emblem of the Order. Mr. Rice, if one may judge from appearance, took several degrees with one initiation.

(Continued from Page 1.)

You will note from the table given below that \$50.00 has been added to the regular salary for sustenance in computing the monthly income.

A great many questions have been asked about the amount of this Tax. In an effort to answer those, we have endeavored to compute the amount of tax payable on established salaries as closely as this could be estimated from the information at hand.

SALARY	SUSTENANCE	TOTAL	ANNUAL TAX
100	\$ 50	\$ 150	\$32.80
125	50	175	45.60
150	50	200	52.80
165	50	215	59.20
175	50	225	64.00
185	50	235	68.80
190	50	240	71.60
215	50	265	85.00
225	50	275	90.80

HOSPITAL HOURS

(General Notice posted Aug. 8th)

Dispensary for Redressing and Industrial Injuries. 9 A.M. to 11 A.M.

Dr. Nuncs Clinic 11 A.M. to 12 Noon

Consultations, X-Rays and Families (Employees), physical examinations, etc. 2 P.M. to 4 P.M.

Dispensary for Shift Men, 4 P.M. to 5 P.M.

Evening Office hours for consultation and private cases (No redressings or X-Rays) - 7:30 P.M. to 9 P.M.

Emergencies at any time.

If these hours are carefully observed by employees, it will be appreciated.

Smaller dollar bills are now being manufactured. They give about the same mileage - NEW YORK SUM.

INDUSTRIAL INJURY POLICY

(General Notice Posted August 8th)

Salaried employees at Aruba who are temporarily incapacitated for duty as a result of industrial injury shall receive free of charge full necessary medical, surgical and hospital service and the usual subsistence.

Employees who are on living allowance in lieu of subsistence, shall receive their regular living allowance while incapacitated at home; but shall receive subsistence in lieu of living allowance while in the hospital.

Salaried employees temporarily incapacitated as a result of industrial accident shall receive salary during the period of such incapacity on the following basis:

First: Employees of the grade of foreman and above, full pay for the first three weeks of incapacity and half pay thereafter.

Second: Employees below the grade of Foreman, half pay for the period of incapacity.

Where a salaried employee is permanently and totally incapacitated as a result of industrial accident; or at such time as it may be determined that a temporary incapacity has become a permanent incapacity, the employee's contract shall be terminated and the employee returned to the United States under the same conditions as a completed contract, and settlement for the partial or total permanent disability shall be made in accordance with the provisions and scheduled disability payments provided in the New York Workmen's Compensation Law.

Where an employee suffers a partial disability but is able to continue in his regular capacity of employment at Aruba, a settlement shall be made for the permanent partial disability in accordance with the New York State Compensation Law, and the employee shall continue in our employ at Aruba until the end of his contract term.

When settlement is made with an employee for permanent injury, either partial or total, all amounts of salary paid to him under the above policy during the time of his incapacity for work shall be taken into account fully in arriving at the final settlement to be made under the New York State Compensation law schedules.

COY CROSS RECEIVES APPOINTMENT
(General Notice posted August 8th)

"Effective this date, Mr. Coy Cross becomes General Foreman of the Light Oils Finishing Department.

This includes the Topping Stills, Re-run Stills, Transfer Pumphouse, and the Treating and Sweetening Plants, together with all lines and working tanks used in connection with the above equipment."

We offer our congratulations on this well-merited recognition.

SCHOOL DAYS

Isn't this weather we are having in Aruba something to write home about? Don't these sunny days and moon-shiny nights get you? I'll say so, and how! So much so, one feels younger and younger the longer you stay here, until at last you begin to be childish. This being a fact, the attendance in our new school may be larger than anticipated.

Being ever anxious to do our bit for the good of the Camp, below are offered a few suggestions for use in the school.

THE PRIMER

(To be read aloud by the Class)

I see the Mess Hall.
Can you see the Mess Hall?
What do you see in the
Mess Hall?

"I know, teacher. Little red ants."
"That will do, Johnny. Sit down!"

*"STATION PAN AM SPEAKING!"

of course this is mine.

Hello, Boys and Girls of Radioland! This is a true, true story, just like all bed time stories. Once upon a time not so very long ago, there was a poor but handsome youth who wanted to be rich. Oh, he wanted very much to be rich, so he prayed and he prayed. Finally the good Lord and C. H. Shelton sent him far across the seas to Aruba.

When he arrived there, he was practically penniless, but proud and determined to succeed at any cost. In one hand he carried a toy balloon, while in the other he had a large envelope addressed to the Personnel Department. They accorded him a hearty welcome. "What can you do, my fine fellow?" they asked. "Oh, practically nothing," he replied modestly. "Fine," came the answer, "we have a job for which you'll be well fitted."

And so, dear boys and girls, the poor but handsome fellow went to work in the Mess Hall, folding napkins when there were any to fold. And when there weren't, he folded his arms, thankful of the opportunities which were his.

To the casual observer, and his boss he appeared to be dreaming, but he was really thinking. Thinking how he might make more money easier. He tried writing slogans to sell the Company. "Nothing is too good for the men - nothing" he scribbled, but tore it up as worthless.

Then, one day he saw a waiter drop a steak on the floor. He noticed it took the Chinaman several minutes before he could pick it up, brush it off and serve it to one of the men. "Ah," said our ambitious one, "I've an idea." Being of an inventive mind, he retired to his bungalow and with nothing more than an old rubber boot, he made as fine a rubber steak as had ever graced the mess hall tables.

"This will save the Company thousands of dollars," he explained. First, when dropped, it will bounce, so the waiter can catch it, thus conserving much time! Secondly, it is indestructible, and may be used over and over again, at great saving. He pointed out other valuable features, and boys and girls, what do you think? The Company gave ---(sputter)---(crackles, sputter)---"trouble"---(static)---"sign off!"---(sputter)---

notes

AUGUST 10, 1929

ASTORIA CLUB HOUSE

Oranjestad, Aruba

All Members be present.

THE MORNING REPORTER REPORTS

The Reporter returned to Oranjestad a week ago Thursday night to attend the wedding of Bonny Henriquez and Miss Henriette Ruiz. The local people are the most efficient hosts, and nothing was overlooked in giving this couple a happy send-off on the sea of matrimony.

After the service, a reception was given in the new home of the bride and groom. The couple have many friends and could be determined by the number present at this affair.

Our best wishes for every happiness are extended to Mr. and Mrs. Henriquez.

A party of a different nature was held on the beach this past Wednesday night as a farewell to "Don" Smith. When this Reporter went looking for news this morning (Thursday), the only thing he heard was about that party. Truly it was a great success, and the spirit shown was exemplary of the Camp's feeling toward Mr. Smith.

Mr. Smith, as General Superintendent of Construction, has completed his duties here, and sails on the S. S. "E. L. DUBOIS" for New York.

May Mr. Smith find occasion to visit us now and again.

Some of the sidights:

Jin Crosbie can sure trip the light fantastic when instilled with a little Corvoza.

Ross Withers, that welder, has music in him somewhere.

Jin Curmins did a little vocal work on the side. He should have a partner.

Ted Gillett proved himself a busy man.

Jin Crosbie and car reached home safely. So much so that the car is still here.

S. Q. ODUER

Silks - Novelties - Souvenirs
Oriental ArticlesComplete line of ladies' wearing
apparel and lingerie.

Enough said for parties and the like.

Red Erwin said he was proud of his helpers this week. He didn't have to fire one of them.

The Reporter found the roller for the tennis courts nearly completed at the welding shop. It only weighs 400 pounds, and is just right to work off some of the "night before" on.

That hole left by "Bull" under the is well filled by Bob Harrison.

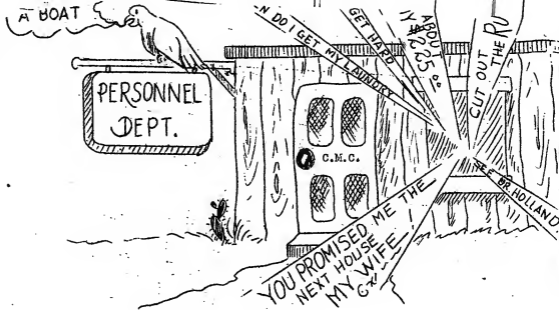
"Titi" Oduer of the Lag Office caught a cold last week by neglecting to wear those colorful supporters. It hardly seems possible that leaving them off could cause a cold, but then again - they do look pretty hot.

The climate of Aruba is great for the development of hair - and procrastination. Several weeks past Jake Walsko had his hair shaved from his head. The Reporter intended mentioning that important event in these pages, but neglected doing so, and now Jake is parting his hair again.

The Reporter ran into Casey Egan reading the "P.N.O.R.M." - a Dutch Newspaper, and received the following information about those pesky little red ants that cause you to scratch your hide so much.

"If the jaw of a man was as powerful in comparison to size as that of an ant, he would be able to lift a weight of 275 tons (metric) with his tooth. It has been proven that an ant can carry a weight 3000 times heavier than his own. A man should then be able to lift and carry away two locomotives (not Milwaukee's either) if he had the proportionate strength of the ant."

This is all very interesting, but it does not improve the Reporter's opinion of the little red ant.



Then two prominent people known to be intimate friends, suddenly break, immediately the proverbial question, "WHY" is on every one's lips. To satisfy the eagerness of the public, a newspaper syndicate published in serial form "Why we Broke," both Dorsey and Kearns contributing their versions for their usual modest fees.

The PAN-ARUBAN news-staff has worked diligently and successfully to determine why Stewart Campbell permitted Pol Parrot to accompany Bill Brazier to the States. Campbell is better known as Aruba's "Grover Whalon" due to his boat meeting proclivities. The fact is generally known that Campbell was not at the boat to wave "bon voyage" to Polly. When pressed for an answer by a reporter, "Grover's" reply of "too busy" was too gullible for the PAN-ARUBAN's patrons. "Grover" is known to be versatile, aside from his master of ceremony activities, and originator of the fad "Write your name in my book before you leave." He also is a musician of note, being a member of Case's orchestra, notwithstanding the fact that this orchestra has failed to advertise their box office attraction. Pol Parrot has shared Aruba's limelight with Grover. Those two were inseparable. Polly accompanied Grover, who incidentally is the Mechanical Department timekeeper, on his daily rounds and made the repeated question, "Where's your time card?"

Tex Bradshaw once said of Polly that he was one parrot that did not learn to say "Polly wants a cracker" by repeated tutoring. Tex, however, is known to be partial to Polly, and the inference is that Polly was educated in his request by sheer want.

Polly was considered witty and always shined at the social functions at Bungalow 46. When greeting the guest Pol would say spiritedly, "A little bit of brandy won't hurt anybody."

George Cleveland, Secretary of the Indoor Yacht Club, lived with Campbell and Pol. He informs us that Pol was extremely sensitive of his natural habits. It is reported that Pol jokingly remarked "Grover made Case's orchestra on his reputation as a timekeeper." Grover, in defence of him Bungalow 46 and the neighbors, replied "Your squawking doesn't remind me of a canary bird."

Cleveland states that Pol was humiliated and later told him that "Grover got too personal." Sometime later Pol said, "Grover, cash makes no enemy when do I cut-in on that \$225?" The made Grover furious, who very pointedly replied, "You think you are a professional squawker. Well, perch yourself outside the Personnel Department, learn something. Then he requested the boat. Now the PAN-ARUBAN knows why Polly gave the repeated vague answer to the question, "Why are you leaving Pol?" Polly replied, "I

ARUBA INDUSTRIAL COMPANY

ORANJESTAD

WE ALWAYS KEEP A FRESH SUPPLY OF
PITCH AND WHITE PINE LUMBER
GALVANIZED CORRUGATED IRON SHEETS - 6 AND 8 FT.
ASPHALT ROOFING PAPER - "RUBBER-OLD"
PORTLAND CEMENT "OSO BLANCO" DANISH
CEMENT BLOCS AND CEMENT BRICKS

GENERAL HARDWARE STORE

J.G.DE CASTRO - MANAGER

DAILY

FOR

A M E R I C A N S P O R T S A L O O N

ONE of the FINEST and CLEANEST SALOONS of San Nicolas

CLUB IN, and get your ICE-COLD BEER, CHAMPAGNE, VEUVE-CLIQUEOT,
PORT WINE, MOSCATEL, GRAPES WHITE WINE, CANADA DRY GINGERALE, etc.

MUSIC EVERY NIGHT

AND

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO VISITORS

R.P.HANSEN - MANAGER

WHITE

MEN

Tommy Jancosok, previously known as a lad of temperate habits, is now carrying something on his hip. However, in defense of the boy and his past excellent moral record, let it be stated that this "something" is not that which is generally referred to as being on the hip. Rather, it is an ugly gash which Tommy received Sunday last while exploring the island. Tommy, being a rodder as well as temperate chap, was reluctant to talk freely concerning the accident, but he told a friend, who told a friend, who passed the word to another with strict orders not to tell another soul, that the accident occurred some where on the island of Aruba while Tommy was on an exploring expedition.

It seems he had climbed to some high rock in order to better gaze upon the deep blue sea, when a part of the rock gave way, and Tommy did a beautiful swan dive into the sea, which fortunately for him happened to be deep at that spot. He sank many feet below the surface, but being a good swimmer, one of the kind you can't keep down, Tommy rose at once to the surface, and quickly swam to safety.

We are printing the details of Tommy's accident with the hope that it maybe a warning to others that those overhanging rocks are treacherous, and may give way when an extra weight is put upon them.

Another party of explorers on Sunday consisted of the well known team of Kaplan and Pruett. They chose Oranjestad as their field of exploitation, and from reports received in Camp Monday morning, they overlooked nothing from Louis Posners' Emporium (and Bar) to the Police Station and the Battery. In a personal interview granted a correspondent of the PAN-ARUBIAN over the Grapefruit at the Mess Hall, both gentlemen waxed enthusiastic about some old cannon which they unearthed somewhere along the water front. It seems those big guns were brought here by the Spaniards when they first took possession of the island, and dates carved on those guns led back as far as 1710.

Psychology has always been a pot hobby of mine and I have spent many hours porusing ponderous volumes probing into its intricacies. During the summer of 1933 it was my privilege to witness a most unusual and interesting case.

I was visiting my Aunt Susan, a dear old soul at her summer home, Terther Manor, at Alcester in Northorn England. Her little gentleman Aubrey was spending the summer with her, while his parents were taking an extended tour of India. He was a chubby faced little rascal, full of good natured mischief.

It is around Aubrey that this tale centers. Strange as it may seem, he had a perfect passion for bears. Those slappy kings of the forest were the center of his existence. Whenever his nursemaid took him out he would lead her to the small zoo, which was the pride of the town, and there he would stand for hours before the bear cage with a look of ecstatic joy on his face as he watched the antics of the friendly bears. Just as soon as he would arrive home, he would run up to his nursery, take out his animal book and turn to the pictures of the bears. My dear Aunt Susan never could get him to go to sleep unless she told him at least two bear stories. During the day he would do nothing but play he was a bear the whole time.

One evening, Dr. Cardenhall, the old family physician, dined with us. He was a noted specialist and had gained a just due of fame in the study of Psychology.

During the course of the after-dinner conversation, mention was made of Aubrey's great liking for bears. Dr. Cardenhall was intensely interested in this as I noted from the expression on his face. After he had listened to my Aunt Susan's stories of Aubrey and the bears, he told my Aunt that unless she could break him away from this bear mania, the child would develop some characteristic of the bear. He stated that there were numerous cases on record where things such as that had happened.

My Aunt was very much alarmed. During the ensuing days she spent long hours trying to interest Aubrey in other things. Aubrey condescended roddily enough, but I noted that when my Aunt was not

reverted to his old favorite game of lying bear.

Then one day the blow came. Aunt n and I were returning from market for electric brougham when suddenly grasped my arm and said in a weak voice, "Oh my Lord, George, look!" I looked. It had happened. I had been following Aubrey closely for a few days the minute that I looked at him I knew that the inevitable had happened. Aubrey was lying with a group of children around a clump of bushes - I wonder when I think of my poor Aunt's feelings - he was BARE footed.

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W A N T E D

BUY ONE UKELELE IN GOOD CONDITION

See H. W. Smith - Bungalow 45

GRAF ZEPPELIN LANDS

August 5th: The Graf Zeppelin, consistent conqueror of the Atlantic, landed at Lakohurst at 9:52 P.M. New York Daylight Saving Time, having covered the 4,000 mile stretch in a little over 95 hours. The ship carried 19 passengers, including two women, and a crew of 41 and a stowaway who is to be turned over to the authorities. The time was exceptional in view of the fact that storm and high winds battered the craft during the major part of the flight.

August 8th: The S. S. "PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT" reported the Zeppelin 700 miles at sea on the first leg of her round-the-world flight.

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August 8th: The opening meeting at the Hague found England battling against France, Italy and Belgium over percentage of reparations to be paid Germany's creditors.

C H A I K W A I ' S B E E R H O U S E # 1

SAN NICOLAS, ARUBA

BEER - CHAMPAGNES - WINES - SODA WATERS

GOOD SERVICE - FAIR PRICES

GOOD ENTERTAINMENT

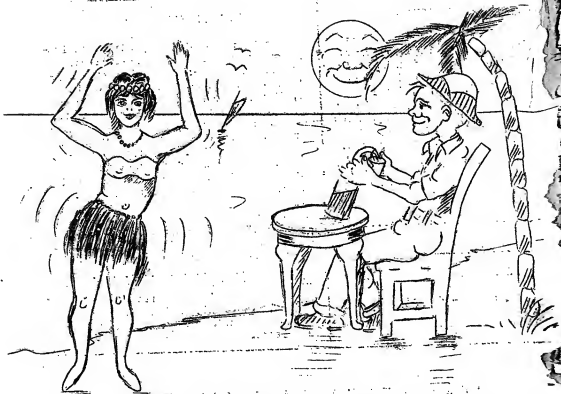
"S A N G L U N G"

RESTAURANT AND BEERSALOON NUMBER 2.

ALL CHINESE DISHES - CHOP SUEY - CHOW MEIN

SAN NICOLAS

ARUBA, D.W.I.



Be honest with yourself- didn't you think ARUBA would be like this

a
by
Sp
or
guns